

CALP E,

O R

GIBRALTAR.

A

POEM.

*Ceu Pater Oceanus, cum sævior æthere, Calpen
Herculeam ferit. ——— Sil. Ital.*

By the Author of *The ART of DRESS.*

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P R E F A C E.



IBRALTAR (*the CALPE of the Ancients*) is a Rock so famous in History, and remarkable for its Height, Figure, and Curiosities of Art and Nature, that an idle

Muse upon the Spot could not entertain herself better, than by giving the Description of such a wonderful Scene.

Since it has been a Part of the British Dominions, our Countrymen have had so many Calls thither, (especially such as belong to the Land or Sea-Service,) that the Author can never want Vouchers for the Truth of many surprizing Circumstances, which he could not omit without doing Injustice to his Subject.

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However, he thinks it necessary, for the better Information of those who shall have Good-Nature and Leisure enough to peruse the following Poem, to give some previous Account in Prose of the Rock's Situation, and of the fabulous, as well as true, History of all that celebrated Coast; that such of his Readers as know little of either, may not wander in the dark, nor be lost in a Maze of strange Places, and Persons.

This Hill, in the Opinion of many, is the Southermost Point of all Spain; which yet is a Mistake in Reality; it lying North of Cape Cabrita, on the other Side of the Bay, tho' but a very small Matter. It is situate just at the opening of the Streight's Mouth into the Mediterranean, directly opposite to Ape's-Hill in Barbary (formerly Abila.)

These two Promontories, which are distant from each other about Seven Leagues, were call'd anciently the Pillars of that famous Hercules, who overthrew Geryon, conquer'd Spain, and concerning whom there are so many uncertain Traditions.

I shall, to avoid Tautology, refer the Reader to the Poem for Particulars, and only in few Words

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Words assure him that, in what relates to the Town, (as it stood before the late War,) to the old Moorish Castle, and Bathing-Place, I exceed the Truth not so far as Poetical Liberty might allow; and as for the Cave, it is so Romantick a Place, and so far exceeding our famous Darbyshire Peak, that I have rather come short, than been too extravagant in my Account of its natural Wonders.

The Coast opposite to Gibraltar, on the Bay, (to which I make an Excursion, I hope Critics will pardon,) is now only remarkable for the Ruins of two Cities, which made once a very great Figure. CARTEIA, much the oldest, and most famous of the two, (but of which very little is now visible, more than some Remains of an old Amphitheater) stood about a League from the Rock; was built by the Phœnicians; (as were most of the Sea-port Towns hereabouts;) and, (as there is very good Ground to believe) was the ancient HERACLEA, so call'd from the Tyrian Hercules, whom I have already mention'd. It was in after Ages made a Roman Colony, by the Name of Colonia Libertinorum, V. Liv. 5th Dec. Book 3. and had a large and

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convenient Harbour. The same Author mentions, in his 3d Dec. and 8th Book, that Lælius the Roman Admiral sailed from thence, and surpris'd Adherbal's Fleet in the Streights, in their Way from Cadiz to Carthage. It was hither also Sex. Pompeius fled after the Battle of Munda. Vid. Hirt. Pan. Supplement to Cæs. Comment.

The Place, which now only consists of a Watch Tower, and three or four Huts, (the rest being all Arable) is call'd Rocadillo, but appears by the Passages in Livy, and the Testimonies of Bochart, Casaubon, and other great Antiquaries, to have been undeniably that very CARTEIA. Old Fragments of Marble are yet very common in these Fields, upon some of which (now in the Hands of a Friend of mine) I have seen very plain Roman Characters; and among innumerable Coins which have been gather'd up here, several have a Caput Turritum, and the Word KARTEIA very legible on one side, and a Fish or a Neptune on the Reverse; also some others with the Head and Club of Hercules, uncouthly stamp'd upon them, which are doubtless of much greater Antiquity, and are not (that ever I could hear) met with any where else.

From

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From him were said to be deriv'd all those Monarchs of Spain, till the Romans conquer'd that Nation, whose Existence may be as much question'd as that of the Progeny of Brutus, concerning which Geoffry of Monmouth and others have been so particular.

The other City on the same Side of the Bay, about a League and an half from Carteia, but of much later Date, was call'd by the Moors Algezira, which, in their Language signifies an Island, there being a small one not a Musket-shot from the Shore, whence it takes that Appellation; but what Name it went by before their Conquest of Spain, Mariana and other Authors do not determine; it was of it self one of the Moorish Kingdoms, and his Catholick Majesty stiles himself to this Day King of Algezira among his numerous Titles. It appears to have been a very large City, and of great Strength, by the prodigious Ruins of its Walls, which are of an incredible Thickness, and was the first Landing-Place of the Moors, who were brought into Spain by the perfidious Count Julian, out of Revenge for the Rape of his Daughter by Roderick, the last King of the Goths. After it was retaken,
the

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the Spaniards are reported to have sown Salt all over it, by way of Anathema, and the Curse is not yet taken off; there are only now a few Peasants, who live there in Huts, besides a Corregidor; but the Court of Spain has been apply'd to of late, for Leave to Rebuild that ancient City, which is nothing but one vast Heap of Rubbish, about three Miles in Circumference.

Thus much I have thought not impertinent to premise concerning the History and Topography of this Coast; which I hope the Reader will excuse, since it may serve for an Illustration of the following Poem.



CALP

A R
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CALPE,

O R

GIBRALTAR.



N fair *Hesperia's* utmost Southern
(Shore,
Whose rising Banks defy the ad-
(verse Moor ;
Where the loud Surge the Conti-
(nent divides,
And streighten'd Billows roll in
(fiercer Tides ;

A Rock, which Travellers ascend with Pain,
Hangs dreadful o'er the Beach, and ambient Main ;

B

Sure

Calpe, or Gibraltar.

Sure Death to Sailors, if not shun'd with Care,
When Tempests rage, or Foggs obscure the Air.

Here in past Ages Suns were thought to set,
(1) And *Spain's* and *Lybia's* two great Empires met,
Till some convulsive Shock asunder tore
The parting Plains, and Mountains, joyn'd before.

Descry'd from far, this hoary Pile of Stone
Yields in Renown to *Teneriff* alone ;
Here Cliffs o'er Cliffs, in pointed Spires arise,
'And the huge Column seems to prop the Skies,
Its aged Brow conceal'd in Clouds ; so high
Scarce Goats dare climb, or tow'ring Eagles fly.

Astonish'd Mortals hence with Pain survey
Neptune's vast Realm, and boundless watry Sway ;
Of *Lybian* Mountains, see the distant Row,
And fruitful Vales, or burning Wastes below.

Calpe, or Gibraltar.

3

Doubtful it seems, if Nature did produce
This Heighth of Rock for Wonder most, or Use ;
Strain'd through its Pores, delicious Springs abound,
And healing Simples clothe the balmy Ground ;
While stranger Scenes are in its Womb contain'd,
Than e'er Magician rais'd, or Poet feign'd.

(2) Steep winding Paths lead up to dreary Cells,
Where no kind Ray the horrid Gloom dispells ;
So large, so lofty, and so void of Light,
They seem the Palace of eternal Night.

No Eye can trace the various mystic Ways,
And Nature rivals here the *Cretan* Maze ;
Here Newts, and bloated Toads, detested crawl,
And flutt'ring Batts fly round the dusky Hall ;
The Caves with dreadful Notes, harsh Screech-Owls
(rend,
And lazy Damps from noisom Pools ascend.

By the dim Torch, our Eyes with Pain reveal
A Thousand antick Forms these Grotts conceal ;

Promiscuous Images, which seem to stand
 Th' amazing Work of some Enchanter's Hand ;
 Surpriz'd we view the Lyon, Wolf, and Bear,
 And think the *Gorgon* Shield has fix'd 'em there.

Here Columns rang'd in beauteous Rows are seen,
 And vaulted Isles stretch spacious out between ;
 There Drops of Water harden into Stone,
 Wond'rous Effect ! and form a growing Cone ;
 Around we gaze, admiring ev'ry Part,
 And Nature's Prodigies ascribe to Art.

(3) In ancient Times, bald Hermits sojourn'd
 And dreaming Monks, grown old in Sleep and ^{(there,}
 Who kept long Lents, with *Rubrick*-Saints enroll'd, ^{(Pray'r,}
 As superstitious Fools by Priests are told :
 Down from their Girdles hung a length of Beads,
 And Legends yet record their wond'rous Deeds,
 In sumptuous Urns their mouldring Relicks sleep,
 And cure the Cramp, or calm the raging Deep.

Here,

Calpe, or Gibraltar.

5

(4) Here, if we credit Fame, are hid the Stores
Of ancient *Vandals*, and of later *Moors* ;
Which Walls of Adamant, and Gates of Steel,
(Enchanted Work !) from Human Eyes conceal ;
Goblins and Fiends the magic Treasures guard,
And Peals of Groans, and ratt'ling Chains, are
(heard.

Of Times in search of this uncertain Gold,
Advent'rous Misers down th' Abyfs have roll'd,
(5) Whose mangled Coarces on the fatal Ground,
Harden'd to Stone, in distant Times are found :
Wonders more strange than Kings in pickle shown,
Or *Dynasties* transmitted down to *Sloan*.

Amazing Womb of Earth ! whose frozen Bed
Is cover'd o'er with undissolving Dead !
Where Nature keeps the Carcass from Decay,
Eludes the Worm, and petrifies the Clay.

Not

Not far from hence an aged Castle stands,
 By Time defac'd, the Work of barb'rous Hands;
 Against whose Ribs, so strong the Walls are made,
 In vain the mighty batt'ring Engines play'd.
 Here, whilst the *Lybian* Race their Ground main-
 Of Turban'd Kings a long Succession reign'd,^{(tain'd,}
 Who bore the Crescent on their ample Shields,
 And dy'd with *Gothick* Blood *Iberian* Fields.

Nor yet the splendid *Mosques* are all decay'd,
 Where cloth'd in Green, the Rev'rend *Mufties* pray'd;
 Where *Mahomet's* dread Name was wont to found,
 While scepter'd Bigots kiss'd the hallow'd Ground.

Here Pillars shine from *Parian* Quarries brought,
 And chequer'd Floors in rich *Mosaic* wrought;
 There undestroy'd are seen the spacious Halls,
 Where Scymitars and Bows adorn'd the Walls,
 Where the fair Pris'ner oft bemoan'd her Fate,
 And Jaylor-Eunuchs watch'd the bolted Gate.

Below this Pile lay stretch'd along the Strand
The fairest Port of all th' *Hesperian* Land,
E'er War's dire Engines had in Ashes laid
The Domes, that stood for Ages undecay'd.
Here stately Palaces, and Fanes, were seen ;
There Cypress Groves, and Orange ever green ;
Convents, where lazy Lubbers batt'ning lay,
Or where sad Virgins sigh'd their Lives away.

Now if from *Calpe*, down we cast our Eyes,
Where low in Dust the sumptuous Rubbish lies,
The splendid Ruins we survey with Pain,
And o'er the Carcass of a Town complain.

(7) Far to the Southward near the founding Shore,
A spacious Room was dug in Days of Yore ;
Where *Calpe*'s ancient Lords were us'd to flun
The fierce Approaches of too warm a Sun ;

Here,

Here, from the Rock convey'd, a Crystal Spring,
 In the cool Grott, refresh'd the swarthy King,
 Whilst round him Crowds of naked Beauties play'd,
 Whom, as he bath'd, the happy *Moor* survey'd.

In the deep Womb of Earth extending far,
 (Secure from Tempests, and the Rage of War,)
 The stately Vaults and Pilasters we trace,
 And one Eternal Winter chills the Place.

Descend, advent'rous Muse, and now survey
 The Surface of a smooth adjoining Bay,
 Where anchor'd Barks, in all their Naval Pride,
 Shelter'd from boist'rous Winds, securely ride :
 For tow'ring Hills extend their spacious Chain,
 And almost form a Circle round the Main.
 Yet have I even there heard Billows roar,
 Swell'd by rough Blasts, from *Africk's* burning Shore ;
 On floating Wrecks have cast my distant Eye,
 And seen the bending Masts in Shivers fly.

Calpe, or Gibraltar.

9

Oppos'd to *Calpe's* Rock, on distant Fields,
(Where the rich Soil a fruitful Harvest yields)
Rais'd by *Phœnician* Hands, *Carteia* stood,
(Now levell'd quite) and overlookt the Flood.

Not far from thence, if ancient Fame say true,
Jove's God-like Son the (8) Monster-King o'er-
Rais'd his (9) proud Pillars on the conquer'd Shore,
(threw,
And rul'd the Nations which he free'd before.

Of times his Warlike Image there is found,
While plowing Hinds tear up the stubborn Ground;
On the rude Coin, o'ergrown with Rust, we trace
His Club, *Nemæan* Spoil, and grisly Face;
With Pain th' imperfect Hero we survey,
And want those Lines which Time has worn away.

Here, the great *Demi-god's* long Race were crown'd,
And (10) *Argantonius* was of old renown'd;

(11) E'er yet *Rome's* Infant-State unwieldy grew;
 And o'er the conquer'd West her Eagles flew;
 Here Kings to Savages gave wholesom Laws,
 And Chiefs unsheath'd their Swords in Freedom's
 (Cause.

But fix awhile, my Muse, thy wand'ring Eye,
 Where *Algezira's* Walls in Ruins lie;
 Curst *Algezira!* to the *Moor* betray'd
 By the false Father of the ravish'd Maid.

(12) Here first the Traytor *Goth* receiv'd that Host
 Whose dusky Millions darken'd all the Coast:
 The soft licentious (13) King oppos'd in vain
 Their hostile Numbers on the fatal Plain;
 A Victim to the wrong'd *Iberian* Dame
 He fell; and with him fell the *Gothick* Name.

Oh! had some Prince like *Eugene*, great in Arms,
 On the wide Champain fac'd their Moony Swarms;
 The Field had all been pil'd with Pagan Dead,
 His Cross had conquer'd, and their Crescent fled.

As clust'ring Locusts, (which some Eastern Breeze
 Drives o'er *Arabian* Sands, or *Indian* Seas,)
 Prevent the Promise of the bounteous *Nile*,
 And immature *Egyptian* Harvests spoil,
 So rang'd the miscreant Race, with hostile Bands,
Hesperia's Fields, and ravag'd all her Lands.

(14) Long undisturb'd for Ages had they reign'd,
 Within *Pyrene's* Limits scarce contain'd ;
 When Christian Chiefs led on the lusty Swains,
 From cold *Asturia's* yet unconquer'd Plains ;
 Shook the proud Infidel, unbent with Ease,
 And stretch'd their Infant-Empire by degrees.

Castile, and *Arragon*, and fam'd *Navarr*,
 Now sent their Heroes to support the War ;
 Romantick Tales of Chivalry begun,
 And Leaders cas'd in Mail immortal Laurels won.

How oft the mingling Hosts their Prowess try'd,
And with red Streams *Granada's* Vales were dy'd !
While Clouds of Arrows darken'd all the Sky,
And Conquest hung her doubtful Scales on high.

Muse, pass in Silence by the Plumed Knights,
The Sieges infinite, unnumber'd Fights,
And the fair Acts of each important Day,
While Ten times sixty Winters roll'd away ;
For shou'd'st thou all the great Exploits reherse,
Thou might'st as well turn Annals into Verse.

But lo ! the *Saracens* at length o'erthrown,
Trembling forsake the Kingdoms, once their own ;
And o'er the Channel, with Despair and Shame,
Fly to those Desarts whence their Fathers came ;
Dispers'd they fly ! but yet one Pagan Band,
Secur'd by *Calpe*, made a bolder Stand ;

And brav'd a while the conqu'ring Arms of *Spain*,
Between the Walls of Rock, and the defending Main.

'Twas fruitless all ! nor Castles vaulted o'er,
Nor Rocks, nor Seas, could save the sinking *Moor*:
Involv'd in rolling Smoke, and nitrous Flame,
They fell, and falling curst their Prophet's Name.

And now of *Calpe's* long lost Fort possess,
His kinder Stars the conqu'ring Monarch blest ;
Henceforth, said (15) FERDINAND, thou Rock be
(*Europe's* last Limit tow'rs the Burning Line) ^{(mine,}
Be mine, ye Walls, with stately Turrets crown'd,
Ye dreadful Banks, and boist'rous Waves around ;
While yon bright Planet shoots his dazling Ray,
And rolling Spheres shall round their *Axis* play,
My pow'ful Sons shall rule the *West*, alone ;
And keep this Bulwark of th' *Iberian* Throne.

Fate

Fate heard, and laught; for e'er two Ages roll'd,
 Or *Spain* had Eight succeeding Monarchs told,
 Lo! her dread Fleet Imperial! *ANNA* sends,
 Which o'er the Main in dreadful Pomp extends;
 From distant *Bætic* Plains, and fruitful Vines,
 Astonisht Peasants saw the tow'ring Pines;
 Of *British* Thunder heard the ratling Peals,
 And call'd on Saints to sink the Hostile Keels.

In vain from Ramparts brazen Engines roar,
 And helmed Warriors guard the crowded Shore;
 The *Hessian* Hero flights their adverse Band,
 And waves his Eagles on the conquer'd Strand;
 Like *Mars* he lifts his brandisht Sabre high,
 And where he leads, the routed Legions fly.

So, when *Achilles*, from his *Grecian* Keel
 Descending foremost, blaz'd in burnisht Steel,

Calpe, or Gibraltar.

15

The trembling *Trojans* thun'd his *Pelian* Spear,
And fled, tho' *Priam's* Godlike Son was near.

But lo! the yielded Fortrefs to regain,
Unnumbred Troops extend along the Plain;
For Nine revolving Moons, the Walls they ply,
Whilst *Britain's* hardy Sons their Rage defy;
In vain they try the steep Ascent to scale,
And plant with Cannon all the sandy Vale;
The fruitless Toil at length their King declines,
(16) And Walls he could not take, with Grief re-
(signs.

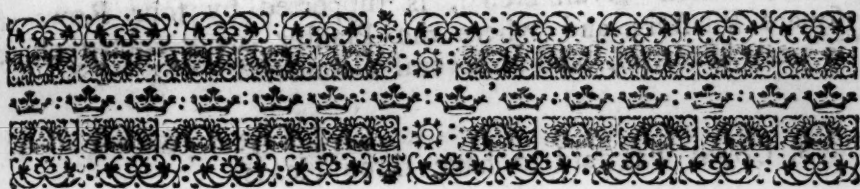
O Thou, for whom (whilst Worlds in Chaos lay)
Auspicious Fates decreed the *British* Sway;
Whose Royal Veins a Purple Current hold,
Transmitted down from (17) *Saxon* Gods of old;
Let proud *Hesperia's* Lords with Envy see,
Their Kingdom's Bulwark still possess'd by Thee;

The

And

And farther yet, beyond the burning Zone,
 May Thy great Off-spring conquer Worlds un-
 (known,
 And rule, till that uncertain dreadful Day,
 When this huge Frame shall burn, and Calpe melt
 (away.





N O T E S.

(1) **T**HERE is an old Tradition, that *Spain* and *Africk* were disjoin'd either by the Deluge, or some great Earthquake.

(2) The Mouth of the Cave is half way up the Rock ; there is an old *Moorish* Wall just before it.

(3 and 4) The *Spaniards* hereabouts have an Hundred such Traditions concerning this wonderful Place ; from whence they say, there is a Passage under the Sea to *Ceuta* in *Africk*. Several Gentlemen of the Garrison, and others, who have been let down by Ropes into these Caves, which lie one below another to a prodigious Depth, could never find any Bottom.

(5) Curious Persons who have brought up from hence petrify'd. Skulls, and other Parts of Humane Bodies, believe them to belong rather to some of the *Moors*, who are said to have sculk'd here, when the *Spaniards* recover'd the Place.

N O T E S.

(7) This subterraneous Bath is near *Europa-Point*; the Roof, which is all arch'd, is supported by four Rows of square Pilasters, and where the Plaister is not rubb'd off, it is very beautiful, and of several Colours.

8. *Geryon* was said to have three Heads.

9. That *Hercules* did erect two Pillars somewhere upon this Coast, as his *Ne plus ultra*, is the Opinion of *Pliny*, and other old Writers; tho' *Calpe* and *Abila* were figuratively call'd so. The *Spanish* Arms to this Day have for Supporters, two *Tuscan* Columns, with this Motto, *Plus Ultra*.

(10) The most famous among all the Successors of *Hercules* was *Argantonius*, from whom the People of *Carteia* were call'd *Argantoniaci*. Vid. *Sil. Ital.* L. 3.

Argantoniacos armat Carteia Nepotes.

11. This City might probably be the Metropolis of these Parts, and Residence of some of the old *Spanish* Kings, before the *Romans* conquer'd them; by the Greatness and Compass of its ancient Foundations, and Convenience of its Situation and Harbour.

(12) Count *Julian* was Governour of this Coast, v. *Mariana*.

(13) *Roderick*, whom I have mention'd in the Preface. Some are of Opinion he did not fall in this Battle, but fled to *Vizeu*, a City of *Beira* in *Portugal*, and there ended his Days, where *Mariana* says, a Tomb-stone was found with this *Spanish* Inscription;

A qui jaze *Rodrigo* ultimo Rey de los *Godos*.

Here lies *Roderick*, the last King of the *Goths*.

N O T E S.

But some Years ago when I was in that City, upon the strictest Enquiry, I could not hear there ever had been such a Monument there.

(14) The Kings of *Oviedo*, (which small Kingdom was rais'd out of the Ruins of the *Spanish* Monarchy by *Pelagius*, Brother to *Roderick*,) were the first who made War upon the *Moors*.

(15) *Ferdinand* the Catholick (Grandfather to the Emperor *Charles* the Vth) drove the *Moors* from *Gibraltar*, and quite out of *Spain*.

(16) At the Treaty of *Utrecht*, till which the Blockade continu'd.

(17) *Woden*, from whom the House of *Brunswick*, and other Princes of *Saxony* are said to be descended, was reputed one of the Heathen Gods of those Northern Nations.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

P Age 6. Line 11. for want, read wont. p. 10. l. 16. for Champain, r. Champian.